



The GW Hatchet

Summer Record

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Since 1904

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Washington, D.C. Monday, July 15, 1985



The All-American Rose Selection's Public Gardens Committee pronounced the George Washington University's Rose Garden, located in the quad, outstanding in all categories.

AMI proposes to lease Hospital

American Medical International, Inc. (AMI) has moved closer to clinching a deal with the University under which the investor-owned health firm would lease, over an extended period of time, the George Washington University Hospital.

AMI, headquartered in Beverly Hills, California, has submitted a preliminary proposal to the University. The AMI proposal is the only one under review. The Nashville-based Hospital Corporation of America (HCA), the largest hospital chain in the United States, and National Medical Enterprises, Inc., based in Los Angeles, have formally withdrawn from consideration.

Dean for Administrative Affairs Philip S. Birnbaum, the project director, said earlier this month that the document which has been received from AMI appears to meet all preconditions established in January 1985 by the University Board of Trustees, as well as areas addressed by a joint GW/AMI study completed last year.

In October 1983, the University Board of Trustees announced it had approved GW's participation with AMI in a study of the possibility of joining with an investor-owned organization to operate the University Hospital. The move was made primarily in response to an analysis of projected Hospital capital improvement needs that could total more than \$300 million in the next 20 years and GW's ability to form such capital.

In January, the University Board of Trustees approved a

(See AMI, p. 8)

Hospital cocaine missing from safe

by Alan R. Cohen
and Glenn Simpson
Hatchet Staff Writers

A sizeable quantity of pharmaceutical cocaine powder and tablets disappeared from a locked safe in the University Hospital's pharmacy, according to District narcotics officials. The cocaine was discovered missing after an inventory at the beginning of this month.

According to an unofficial source within the pharmacy, "Between 25 and 30 grams" of "sterile cocaine" was taken from a storage safe sometime between June 1 and July 1, when an inventory revealed that the container which held the drug had been emptied and refilled with sodium bicarbonate. In addition, an undetermined quantity of cocaine in tablet form was later taken over the July 4 holiday, he said. University and law enforcement officials refused to comment on these allegations.

"I have no official comment ... If such a thing occurred, we made reports to proper authorities ... I cannot tell you the date that we reported it, if it occurred," said

Irene Haske, a spokeswoman for the Hospital.

The Washington Post reported July 11 that Philip S. Birnbaum, dean of administrative affairs for the University's medical school, said the disappearance had been reported to authorities.

John B. Shea, director of security for the medical center, refused to comment on the alleged incident. Director of GW's Office of Safety and Security Curtis W. Goode said he could provide no details about the incident, but added that the second district police would have a copy of the incident report, if it had been reported.

GW officials refused to specify the date on which the disappearance was reported and would not say whether a separate report would have been made for each alleged incident.

Sergeant Douglas Dennis of the second district police said no report of the incident was on file for the period between June 27 and July 10 of this year. Dennis added that narcotics officers investigating the incident might

(See COCAINE, p. 8)

Inside

GW Hatchet editors drive across America in somebody else's car-p. 8

Marine ecology hits the beaches-p. 11

Brown goes to the Bulls-p. 12

B-ball player charged with attempted theft

by Susan M. Kuhn
Hatchet Staff Writer

Darryl R. Webster, 21, a forward on the GW Colonials varsity squad, is scheduled to appear July 30 in D.C. Superior Court on a misdemeanor charge of second degree attempted theft for allegedly stealing \$460 worth of textbooks from the GW bookstore.

Webster entered a not guilty plea June 10 at a hearing following his arrest in Georgetown. The charge was brought by Investigator Joel D. Harwell of GW's Office of Safety and Security following a University investigation of the alleged incident. Harwell and Security Director Curtis W. Goode refused

to release any details of the investigation.

Speaking from his home on Q Street, NW, Webster said he was "upset that I was arrested. It's hurt me a lot. I'm from Washington, and my friends and family and a lot of people I know read it in the paper [The Washington Post]." He added, "I'm innocent."

The alleged incident occurred May 3 when bookstore employees called security after two juveniles attempted to purchase text books with an inter-departmental procurement form. The Post reported June 11 that the juveniles told police they got the form from a GW basketball player who told them he would sell the books and

split the money with them. Police said the juveniles identified Webster from a magazine picture. The arresting officer, Dwight Madison, has since left the police force and could not be reached for comment.

According to bookstore employees, the two juveniles were seen in the bookstore "three or four times that week." One employee said she became suspicious on "Monday or Tuesday" when the juveniles collected a large stack of textbooks during a normally slow week after the end of spring classes and before the beginning of the summer session. She said she approached them, asking if they needed help, and they said no, as they continued to

collect books. The employee said they had an inter-departmental procurement form. The juveniles walked upstairs and left the store with the books, she said.

"It is possible to just walk out without getting the forms checked," the employee said. Unlike cash payments for books, which are handled on the upper level of the bookstore and in sight of a security guard, the procurement form is processed in a small office at the far end of the lower level of the bookstore, next to the manager's office. The procurement form is used by scholarship athletes to obtain books and supplies from the bookstore.

Basketball coach John Kuester (See WEBSTER, p. 8)



Darryl Webster

Editorials

Retaliation

The hostage crisis may be over but the debate as to what to do next lingers over this country like a painful hangover.

"Retaliation" seems to be the policy chic at the moment. Print pundits have cried out for some kind of retribution. But, as always, it is easier to write about policy than to actually conduct it.

For example, it is one thing to talk about assassinating terrorist leaders but quite another thing to do it successfully. First off, it is of questionable deterrent value to kill those who view death as a privilege and a quick ticket to paradise. Even so, the last time we trained Lebanese natives to carry out our dirty work they used their U.S.-trained expertise to blow up a school bus full of children. And the idea of a Rambo-like raid is absurd in the anarchy of Beirut. Assassination also suffers from its anonymity. For an assassination to have any deterring effect at all, the United States would have to, after the fact, claim credit for the execution, just like the IRA, the PLO and other terrorist groups do. This is a similarity which, in terms of the United States having any moral capital in its international dealings, would be permanently damaging.

Bombing the Beirut airport is another widely discussed option. But the destruction of a largely abandoned airport wouldn't deter anybody. It would be seen for what it truly is: more of a face-saving maneuver for the United States than a painful punishment in response to international lawlessness. Bombing the airport also would not stop hijackings. As with the TWA incident, hijackings almost always originate outside of the Middle East.

Finally, a kind of retaliation actually was attempted after the murder of our Marines. The battleship New Jersey lobbed a number of lethal shells into downtown Beirut, ostensibly to cover the U.S. withdrawal. Perhaps no single act has been more responsible for inciting terrorist violence against American citizens abroad than that "detering" show of American retaliatory force.

The point is not that there should be no retaliation. Rather, it is that there are some very delicate balances that need to be considered and should be part of our public discussion of policy options. The purpose of our foreign policy should always be the protection of American lives and the furtherance of American interests. In short, it should be pro-active rather than reactive. What takes real guts, in both a nation and a national leader, is acknowledging reality and making the best of even a supremely frustrating situation. Retaliation, in and of itself, is not policy. Moreover, crying for "retaliation" without specific, thoughtful and responsible analysis lead precisely to the policy failures that have thus far typified the United States' inability to deal effectively with terrorists.

Discrimination

The American Bar Association's House of Delegates on July 9 voted down a resolution denouncing discrimination against homosexuals in housing, public accommodations and employment. One enlightened delegate said after the vote that passage of the measure "would suggest to America that ABA members approve deviant sexual conduct."

This is, of course, a deplorable attitude. Passing a resolution decrying discrimination in such basic areas as housing and employment doesn't approve or disapprove of anything; it merely recognizes that homosexuals are human beings who need to be able to sleep someplace and earn a living.

But this is beside the point. An individual's sexual preference is not reasonable or just grounds for denying anyone the freedom and ability to fulfill their individual potentials. That's why freedom, as a democratic tenet, is valuable.

Apparently, the ABA—whose favorability rating is given considerable weight in the approval of federal judges—just doesn't view homosexuals as real people.

Such is the on-the-record opinion of our nation's largest and most prestigious organization of lawyers.

Basically, one more reason not to go to law school.

The GW Hatchet

Alan R. Cohen, editor-in-chief

Donna Nelson, managing editor Merv Keizer, managing editor

Scott Smith, contributing editor

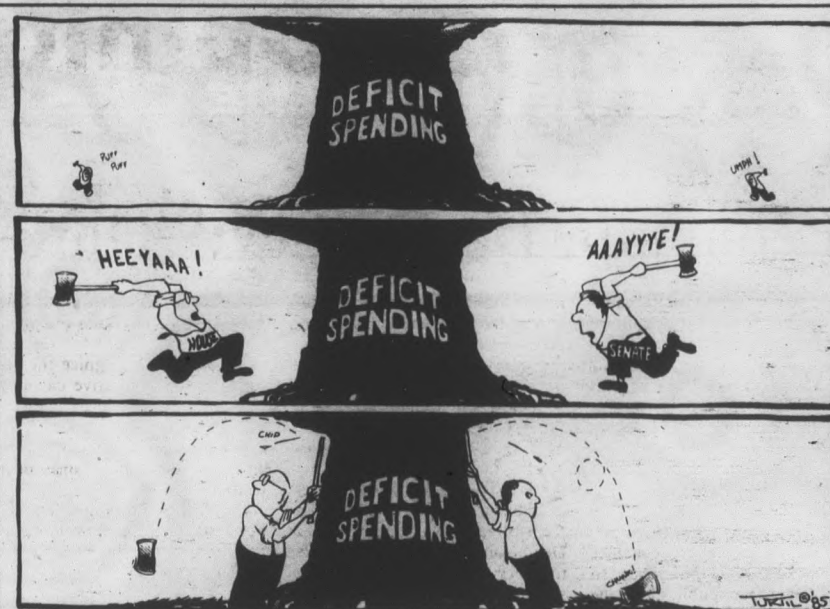
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Letter to the editor

Kudos and Keizer

While basking in the sun, sipping an Orangina, and listening to my transistor radio, I read the GW Hatchet Summer Record on my short vacation at Rehoboth Beach. After a thorough reading, I decided to send to you by mail a round of applause for the excellent and informative June 10, 1983 issue. Both content and layout were quite up-to-par. The format (with new logo) was eye-

catching and appealing, and I found several of the articles quite interesting.

I also would like to commend the GW Hatchet Summer Magazine section as it provided a variety of well-written pieces on both music and movies. I particularly would like to compliment Merv Keizer as he never ceases to provide captivating and spicy movie reviews!

Well, as my vacation sadly ended, so must this letter. Keep up the good work!

-Liz Henzey

Congratulations to Hatchet Editorial Cartoonist Steve Turtill. The Miami Herald published one of Steve's cartoons in their "Added View" section on Sat., June 29. Remember, you saw it here first.

Opinion

New hope for Democrats: two views

'Economic Democracy:' The new liberal agenda

The genius of Ronald Reagan is his ability to set the political agenda. Reagan's ability, not unlike that of his political idol Franklin Roosevelt, consists of framing issues in such a way that voters cannot help but accept his policy conclusions, at least in a rather general way. This is due to Reagan's speaking of issues in a manner that appeals to core American values. For example, Reagan was able to convince Republicans and Democrats to drastically reduce public aid to the indigent by appealing to one of the most basic of American cultural values; namely, that help ought only to go to those who are morally worthy of it. By using the example of the welfare mother abusing the system, Reagan was able to define concretely the issue in moralistic, emotion-laden terms and see his vision of a smaller state role in the support of the poor come to pass.

Democrats have an unparalleled opportunity between now and 1988 to define the terms of political discussion and to redefine the limits of acceptable

public policy options. Unfortunately, the leadership of the Democratic Party appears to have accepted Reagan's terms of debate, and are content with advocating slight modifications to the Republicans' vision of reality. This vision obviously has a degree of popular appeal, but why should voters look to Democrats to implement what is essentially a Republican platform? What Democrats need is a program true to their vision of American society—a society that is open, tolerant, and participatory.

One such program that would be useful in helping Democrats regain their lost ideological advantage is what has been termed "Economic Democracy." Democrats are correct in emphasizing the importance of high-technology and service industries, yet the most significant human aspect of the transformation of the U.S. economy rests not in short-term economic growth, but in the long-term evolution of the relationship between labor and management. The changing nature of the workplace brought

about by the introduction of new technologies has caused the management of more far-sighted corporations to recognize the rationality and innovative capacity of labor, and that ideas contributed by those most immediately acquainted with a problem enhances efficiency and productivity.

The idea of Economic Democracy rests on the assumption that

John Jordan

individuals ought to be free to develop their potentials in as many spheres as possible. Economic Democracy values the intrinsic worth of the ability to participate in self-governance and seeks to extend this involvement into the workplaces that so dominate our lives. Economic Democracy is exactly that—a philosophy that seeks to bring to the factories and offices the same American political tenets of decentralized, checked authority, personal autonomy and self-

determination through democratic structures that exist in our political institutions.

An important point for Democrats to keep in mind is that this progressive evolution in the workplace has acquired a momentum that might be frustrated but cannot be reversed. General Motors Corporation is bringing the most advanced of these concepts to its Saturn automobile plant. This experiment will demonstrate that greater worker participation is not only more in keeping with American ideals of decentralization and participation, but is vastly more efficient, as the price of an American compact will be competitive with similar cars produced in Japan.

The increased role labor plays in the productive process will not be limited to quality circles, salaried positions for line workers, and other admirable, if circumscribed innovations. It should be the task of the Democrats as the party of progress to guarantee that a more far-reaching democratization of the

workplace is not delayed by reactionary public policies that seek to preserve relationships that more and more people, including business leaders, are recognizing as belonging to another era.

There is no reasonable argument against so American an idea as "Economic Democracy." If Democrats are insistent, there is little chance that they will lose with an idea that promises greater freedom, and with that freedom, greater prosperity. Instead of warmed-over versions of Republican trickle-down theories, Democrats must identify, stand for and encourage those progressive changes that are transforming our economic relationships. There is a new economic agenda in the U.S., and with it a new political agenda. The Democrats have only to articulate this policy alternative in order to redefine the public values in terms that will help bring about a more just, democratic society.

John Jordan graduated from GW in May, 1985, and is currently employed by Swensen's on Eye Street.

The modern Socialist alternative: 'United by a common concern'

In May of 1983, I joined the Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), an organization whose membership includes authors/activists Michael Harrington and Barbara Ehrenreich, Congressman Ronald Dellums and thousands of other elected officials, trade unionists, students, and committed activists across the nation. Since that time I have also been an active member and avid supporter of the Democratic Party, having served as the Vice President of the GW College Democrats and a field organizer for the Mondale/Ferraro campaign. This may seem contradictory, even

Joe McLaughlin

hypocritical, at first glance. But it is not. DSA is not a political party, but rather an organizing committee within the Democratic Party whose members seek to shift the terms of debate within the party and ultimately the nation.

What do I mean when I say I am a socialist? American socialists have a long history to draw upon, from the early utopian communists to Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas, to those today like Irving Howe, Ehrenreich and Harrington. We are united by a common concern for the underclass in American society (or the "Other America," the title of Harrington's influential 1962 book), and by the idea that the costs and benefits of our society must be spread more equitably than at present. We differ from liberals in that we do not seek a prosperity that is vaguely defined by a centralized national government and implemented through policies such as needless

tax giveaways to large corporations, income assistance programs that do not provide a decent and rising standard of living, and wasteful expenditures on an already bloated military budget.

We differ from some European social democrats in our rejection of nationalization for its own sake. American socialists emphasize the need for popular control of resources and production and seek to make major "private" economic decisions, such as plant closings that have a devastating effect on the community involved, more democratic. Democratic socialists see the role of the national government as the provider of capital for locally initiated projects and not necessarily the initiator itself.

Locally, we work on issues such as rent control, Metro fare increases, street vendors rights, and statehood for the effectively disenfranchised voters of the District of Columbia. Regarding Metro fare increases, for example, a socialist response would be to tax the proprietors of businesses located near the Metro stops for the additional wealth they have gained through the expenditure of public funds, rather than increase the base fare which hits those of lesser means hardest.

DSA members like myself think that an American form of socialism, distinct from both the false "socialism" of the communist bloc and democratic welfare capitalism, is a real alternative to be seriously considered and worked for. In the short term, we will continue our work within mainstream institutions, as I have, but meanwhile working for the next logical progression of democracy.

Joe McLaughlin is a senior majoring in history.

by Ed Howard



The eighteenth hostage



Gareth Evans
The site of the future Hillel building at the corner of H and 23rd Street.

Hillel will leave church

University to take bids for renovation of church

by Donna Nelson
Managing Editor

Hillel will move out of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, located on 20th Street between H and Pennsylvania Avenue, on July 29 at the request of the University, so the University can begin renovation of the church to house the new GW radio and television facilities.

"They [the University] told us we have to move out," Hillel Administrator Judy Marx said Thursday. Hillel will move to Suite 1002 of the Parklane Building, located on Eye Street. "In the same building as Roy Rogers," Rabbi Gerald Serotta of Hillel said.

Serotta said the University asked Hillel to move out by Aug. 1 and believes they "wouldn't ask us to leave unless [they are] seriously starting [the renova-

tions] soon."

Director of Facility Planning Roger Lyons said Thursday, "We're not going to begin work that early," referring to the Aug. 1 date.

The University has been waiting for the District government's approval of the Health Maintenance Organization (HMO) bond, which is to supply the funding for the renovations. The University has, however, decided to go ahead and take bids on the project, although Lyons added the University is "still anticipating getting bond financing."

Fall of 1986 was the original date set for completion of the communications facility, but Lyons said it is "questionable whether it will be complete" by then.

Marx believes Hillel's move to the office building will have

"severe detrimental effects to the program. We will lose the hospitality, but more so ... There's not an English word to describe it."

Hillel was temporarily located in the church with the permission of the University and Union Methodist Episcopal, while awaiting the construction of its new facility, to be located on 23rd and H Streets.

Hillel purchased the land for its facility a year ago, according to Marx, but due to problems with "fundraising and other things," excavation of the land began just last week. Serotta said they hope to move in by the end of the second semester, and, "no matter what by the fall."

Until then, Hillel will be located in the Parklane Building and plans to continue with its regular activities, many of which will now be held in the Marvin Center.

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Goode named security director

Curtis W. Goode was named director of GW's Safety and Security Office, effective July 1. Goode served as acting director of the office since the resignation of Edward D. Kenney on Feb. 8, 1985.

Goode joined the University in January, 1983, as assistant safety and security director. A native of San Antonio, Texas, Goode earned two degrees at Texas A&M, a Bachelor of Science in health and physical education and a Master of Education. Goode is currently a candidate for the Master of Arts in criminal justice at GW. Goode is also a member of the International Association

of Chiefs of Police and the International Association of Campus Law Enforcement Administrators.

Goode said his top priorities include filling his second and third-in-command positions. Goode plans to look for candidates within the office and expects that half-a-dozen people will be considered.

Aside from filling these positions Goode said, "I'm not going to make any major changes immediately. The first several months will be spent analyzing departments."

Merv Keizer

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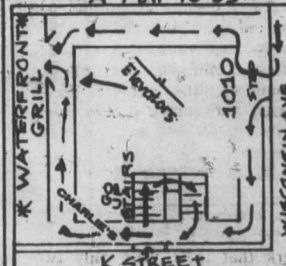


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GW Hospital fire damage at \$10,000

An area of the GW Hospital undergoing renovations caught fire Saturday evening, June 15.

The fire started at around 8:30 p.m. in a sixth floor room located in the south wing of the hospital.

No patients were hurt, according to a hospital spokeswoman, although 52 patients staying in five south and six north were relocated "for precaution."

Three employees did suffer smoke inhalation. Damage from the fire is estimated at \$10,000.

The preliminary report listed the fire as "electrical," a fire department spokeswoman said. As of Thursday, however, the cause had still not been determined.

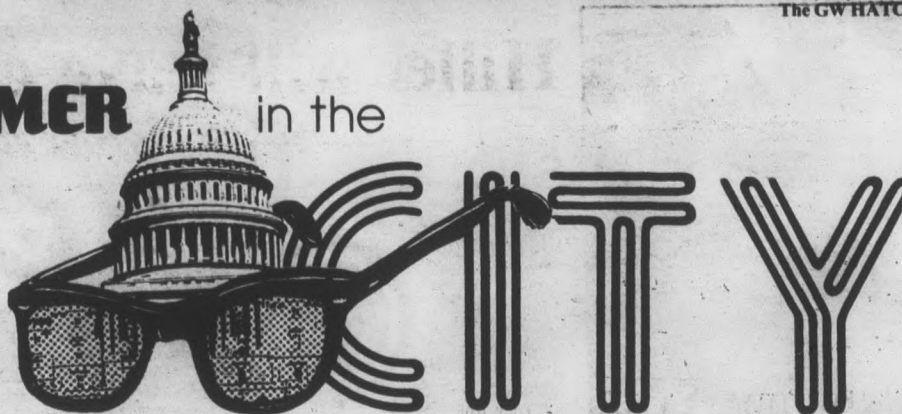
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SUMMER

in the



The GW Hatchet Summer Magazine



GW Hatchet: 'On the Road'

Well I'm so glad I'm living in the USA
Well I'm so glad I'm living in the USA
Anything you want, we got it right here in the USA

-Chuck Berry

America's romance with the road and travelling across the wide open spaces that make this country so distinct has captivated the imagination of writers and journalists since Alexis de Tocqueville wrote *Democracy in America* in 1831. Jack Kerouac's ode to the Beat Generation, *On the Road*, lionized the figures of Dean Moriarty and Sal Paradise as they bummed, hitched and stumbled across the United States. Tom Wolfe found the same desires in Ken Kesey's *Merry Pranksters* as they tripped, literally and figuratively, in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. While all these adventures firmly define the times in which they were written, they also speak for a generation of Americans who have yet to experience all that this country has to offer.

This story is about three GW students who decided to see a little of America and find out what kind of hold this country has over its inhabitants. Alan R. Cohen, editor-in-chief of the GW Hatchet, Ed Howard, editor of the Cherry Tree, and Merv Keizer, managing editor of the Hatchet, embarked on a trip from our nation's capital to the sunny climes of Los Angeles, Ca. Loaded with a cache of musical tapes, luggage, bologna sandwiches, and expectations, the intrepid crew set forth on Monday June 17 to destinations known and unknown.

Merv to Ed: "Did you ever call to find out where we're supposed to pick up the car, man?"

Ed: "No ... I never did, as a matter of fact."

Merv: "I did, ... Do you know where the place is?"

Ed: "Uh, Gstreet?"
Merv: "It's in Towson, MARYLAND, near BALTIMORE, MAN!"

The day started at 9:30 a.m. with a drive to Towson, Md. and the AAA Driveaway to pick up the car that would deliver the trio across roughly 3000 miles of country and interstate highway. Upon arriving in an undistinguished office building in downtown Towson, they filled out applications, were fingerprinted, and paid a \$100 deposit (in cash). The keys of a brown four-door Subaru DL were handed to them by Stan, while an older couple looked on. The man confessed to giving wrong directions for a living; the woman haunted houses in her spare time.

The Burger King across the street served as the last fast food stop to be endured on the cross-country trek. This was part of a sworn oath taken by the three.

Alan: "I'm not going to eat at another fucking fast food restaurant for the rest of this trip, unless you guys want to be held as accessories to the crime of leaving a broad trail of shit across state lines."

After wolfing down the food, the drive began back to the first interstate that would guide the three to 66 South for the trip through Virginia.

Come on, come on down Sweet Virginia

Come on, honey child, I beg of you

Come on, come on down, you got it in you

Got to scrape that shit right off your shoes

-The Rolling Stones

As 66 South wound through the verdant green hills of the Shenandoah Mountains, the car's speakers were hitting maximum overload to the tunes of Creedence, Jerry Lee Lewis and Bruce Springsteen. There is nothing quite like the strains of Jerry Lee Lewis' "Breathless" as

America's countryside opens before you at 80 miles per hour.

The junction of Interstate 81 South begins the real trek across the west as it goes through Tennessee. As road hunger sets in at twilight, Bristol, Va. seemed as good a place as any to stop for some of Virginia's finest cuisine. The Country Inn, nestled roughly half a mile from the interstate, looked appropriate—particularly because it was open. The trio ambled in, delighting in the red checkered tablecloths and jukebox shoved in the corner. They were the only customers. A young man, possibly the only pre-teen homosexual in Bristol, Va., was waiting the table. Enjoying two BLT's and brown swirl masquerading as an open faced turkey sandwich (with mashed potatoes), they held an emergency strategy meeting on how to solve the Beirut hostage crisis, while taking time out to harass the waiter.

The Country Inn's cuisine held them in good stead through Tennessee. As the brown Subaru barreled through the hills of Tennessee, the cassette player blared that state's patron saint, Elvis Presley. The first day ground to a halt at the Kings Inn Motel in Kingston, Tennessee. After careful planning, the frugal trio delegated the smooth-talking Cohen to tell the East Indian desk clerk that there were only two people in the party, in order to

save \$2.50. Anticipating confrontation, Alan and Merv left Ed to unload the car. Ed, carrying a suitcase and an ice chest full of soggy bologna was rushed by the desk clerk, Rajiv Gandhi in a bell hop's uniform.

Desk clerk: "HOW MANEEE PEEPLE IN YOUR PARTEEE!?"

Ed: "What? Who are you ... Goaway."

Clerk: "HOW MANEEE PEEPLE! HOW MANEEEEEEEEEE..."

After an unsuccessful attempt to elicit one dollar each from Alan and Merv, Ed sheepishly forked over an extra three dollars for the room. Gandhi kept the change.

The morning breaks over the mountains and cuts through a low fog. Breakfast is a few yards away at a roadside diner called the Huddle House. Here Alan R. Cohen, visibly Jewish, Merv Keizer, visibly black, and Ed Howard, invisibly Catholic, ordered and consumed a meal in a booth flanked on one side by the cast of *Deliverance* and on the other by a man whose belt buckle read, "Lynch first, ask questions later." This was definitely the South.

The next destination: Graceland. Interstate 40 West cuts through the heart of Tennessee and offers some beautiful countryside.

Long distance information give me Memphis, Tennessee
Help me find the party trying to get in touch with me

-Chuck Berry

Memphis is spread out over much more area than Nashville, a city passed through and thoroughly unremembered, and has the traffic jams of a major metropolis to prove it. After some desperate searching for Elvis Presley Boulevard, logic dictates a trip to a gas station for a little direction. The attendant, a dark black man more worried about the woman who pulled up in the full service lane than three college students looking for Elvis' house, gives directions to the fabled boulevard.

The absence of any road signs to the king of rock 'n' roll's house seems perplexing until one catches a glimpse of a large jet parked at the side of the road. It turns out to be the Lisa Marie, the personal jet of Presley and his Memphis

TURN TO PAGE 6

by
Merv Keizer,
Alan R. Cohen
and Ed Howard



America's folk heroes: Elvis to Fred Flintstone

from page 5

mafia. The car turns into the tour parking lot next to the Lisa Marie and Elvis' personal tour bus. The ticket window indicates several expensive ways to enjoy Elvis and his memories, but the tour of the house, for reasons of finances and sanity, was deemed sufficient.

Catching one of the last tour buses up to the mansion starts an incredible streak of luck that follows the three on their journey. The small bus carrying the Elvis faithful takes a ride across the street—literally across the street—and up the driveway to the residence. Some short babble by the driver is accompanied by the strains of piped-in Elvis. As the bus approaches the house, one becomes painfully aware of the relatively small size of the "mansion."

Albert Goldman began his scathing biography of Elvis by describing, in detail, the interior of the house. If the interior of Graceland gives evidence to the lifestyle and death of Elvis Aaron Presley, then perhaps the pipe dream that Elvis embodies to the people who worship him is a bit tarnished. Gaudily decorated, a poor boy's version of what it is to be rich, the house is a testament to the dark side of the American Dream. People file solemnly through his TV room, upholstered in yellow and blue vinyl, the billiard room, decorated as if a quilt exploded, and the safari room, aptly named for its furniture that combines real and fake fur, achieving a look that cries out to be embellished by a collection of the world's finest velvet paintings.

The last stop on the tour is Meditation Gardens, Elvis' final resting place. The shrine, somewhat of an ode to plaster of Paris, consists of a huge white cross with a statue of Jesus and the word "Presley" carved in the base. The graves surround a small fountain. Stained plastic windows, lit by old dangling Christmas lights, enclose the Holy Place. Buried next to his mother and father, Elvis is anything but resting in peace. People flock by, whispering about his life and how their life makes sense in terms of it. Ed, obviously touched by the scene, cackles maniacally for several minutes. Oblivious to the disapproving stares and mumbled death threats, Alan offers Ed \$100 to take off his clothes and hump the grave.

It is against the rules at Graceland to walk the 25 or so yards back across the street, a rule which is responsible for one of the most terrifying experiences in the life of Edward Paxson Howard IV. She was about 75 years old, the woman who sat across from Ed on the bus. She stared at him. She glared at him with the look of the undead. She wore a fiery pink dress that fell far above her bony, spread knees. She wore octagonal glasses which made her eyes look like two big black holes.

Ed: "Jesus, Merv. What's with this woman? She's scaring the shit out of me."

Merv: "Yeah, man, what did you do to her?"

The bus pulled into the lot and parked. As Ed stood up, the pink, undead woman thrust her hand through the crowd and grabbed Ed's arm with her bony fingers, yanking him toward her, pushing her face into his. A voice cried out, "Mama! Mama! What are you doing Mama?"

A short woman dressed in yellow polyester shoved her way through the crowd and grabbed the pink lady's hand, attempting to pry lose the grip of death. There was a short struggle, but finally the gnarled claw was pried, finger by finger, from Ed. "Mama, C'mon Mama, it's time

back?"

*Well since my baby left me, I've found a new place to dwell
It's down at the end of lonely street, it's Heartbreak Hotel*

-Elvis Presley

The Graceland Recording Studio is an establishment where just about any fool (or two) can record their voices over pre-recorded tracks from their favorite Elvis tune. Here, Alan and Ed immortalized their passion for "Heartbreak Hotel." Copies of this single, which Hatchet Music Editor Merv Keizer referred to as "a musical holocaust," are available through the GW Hatchet for the low, low price of one dollar each, or five for four dollars.

Getting out of Memphis and Tennessee means a short hop on the interstate and across the



*Pontiac just about to lose my mind
I was going to Arizona, maybe on to California where the people all live so fine*

I'm living on Tulsa time

-Eric Clapton

As the trek resumes on Interstate 40, a Cherokee Trading



to go now, Mama."

With that, the pink lady was dragged off by her daughter, leaving Ed frozen in a state of abject horror. He was the last one to exit the bus.

The souvenir shops across the street from the mansion do a brisk business, and they served as both a hunting ground and a proving ground. Merv had maintained from the outset of the trip that these fabled shops had for sale bottles of authentic Elvis sweat. Ed, sidewalk cynic and vice-president of the GW College Democrats, vowed that he would genuflect to Merv if the latter could locate a bottle of the precious fluid. When push came to shove, however, Merv was too embarrassed to even ask anyone about the product, leaving the task to Alan.

Alan: "Pardon me, but my friend, the black man over there in the glasses, would like to know if you have any Elvis sweat available for purchase."

Salesperson: "You northern jerks think everything down here is a joke. Don't you have any respect for a man who gave his heart, soul and life to this country?"

Alan: "So you feel as though you might have a bottle or two in

Mississippi River into Arkansas. Crossing the Mississippi cleanses some of the strangeness from the encounter with the Elvis legacy. Arkansas and the points west are so unabashedly flat that the sky takes on a different hue. Clouds seem closer and strangely three-dimensional.

Racing across the endless expanse of farmland, one begins to appreciate the immense size and diversity of this country. Oklahoma City is chosen as the next destination as a reddish-golden sun sets in the Arkansas sky. Night driving on an endless strip of straight highway becomes highly monotonous, but the reality that is Oklahoma City comes into view at roughly 3:00 a.m. After checking into an innocuous motel called The Coachman Inn, a late night search for food drives the wired threesome to the local and ever popular 7-11. This one happened to have a homeless man wearing a six-inch wide olive green and bright yellow tie. His sole purpose in life was to visit 7-11's and invite patrons to his upcoming seminars on how the little guy can cope with the big corporations. A novel idea. After the encounter with Oklahoma City's own Lee Iacocca, rest was well-deserved.

Well, I left Oklahoma driving in a

Post crops up in the middle of nowhere. Like most souvenir outposts this one is distinguished by its reliance on ridiculous merchandise and postcards that state, "Oklahoma is Cow Country."

Not surprisingly, it's easy to make good driving time through the Texas Panhandle. Simply point the car straight and keep the wheel in the same position. New Mexico announces its presence as mountains and buttes jut out of a previously flat sandbox that was the Panhandle. The sky out on the highway does not resemble the dark of a night back east. For one thing, every star and galaxy appears to be visible in the inky black sky.

The surrounding blackness of the sky intermittently interrupted by enormous flashes of bright, yellow lightning spurred the trio on through Arizona. Just as exhaustion descends, and the three become gloomy at the prospect of having to spend a night sleeping in their car in the middle of the desert, a giant blue "EL" pierces like a homing beacon through the night. The "EL" is all that visibly remains of what once read "The Painted Desert Inn and Motel." This is not a good sign, in any sense of the word. Vaguely reminiscent of the Bates Motel in

Psycho, the Painted Desert Inn remains by far the worst motel of the journey. Even Bates wouldn't have the heart to let anyone die there.

The diner attached to the hotel is the only place within twenty miles to grab a bite to eat. Looking not so much inviting as foreboding, the three are served by a rather masculine Indian woman who makes it known her distaste for customers whose arms don't resemble tree trunks with tattoos. After some truly hostile service, where Ed paid for food he did not order and could not eat, the trio fled, having had enough of the local color and fearing the warpath of the waitress after Alan asked her if she would "do a rain dance for five dollars."

As the three hit the road with the intention of seeing the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest, the sun beats a relentless dry heat on the car. After some initial confusion, a park ranger informs them that it is a thirty-mile driving tour. It is confirmed that this petrified forest and painted desert stuff is a hoax.

The trio then pulled out of the "park" and through an Indian town that is remarkable in its squalor. The Native Americans are forced to rely on the economy of selling petrified rocks to sustain themselves. It's no wonder the people view tourists with a patronizing contempt. Tangible evidence of this is a roadside souvenir place called "Chief Many Rocks." The whole town proved the old adage that one should never lose a war.

The Grand Canyon is a scant 100 miles, away and its lure proves irresistible. Going through the town of Flagstaff, Arizona, 77 miles from the Canyon, connects them with some semblance of civilization after driving through the desert. The short hop from Flagstaff to the canyon is a magnificent trip that offers views of snow-capped mountains and beautiful forest.

Meet the Flintstones, meet the Flintstones

Have a Yabba Dabba Doo time, a Dabba Doo time

We'll have a gay old time

-Fred Flintstone

As they reach the final road that will lead them to the Canyon, a sight, which only those who have either experienced bad LSD trips or who are ON bad LSD trips should be allowed to see. As they turn a corner a thousand-foot

high Fred Flintstone the road holding a "Yaba Daba Doo come to YOU!" arrived at Bedrock devoted to the Flintstone. They Fred, Barney, Bam-Bam—wait a Betty? Where's W that the builders elected to delete that crazy stage a their life-sized desert. "They way," commented concerned Ed How Well it seemed th of things. Fred an worried about rest probably because cartoon characters case, Alan and E justified in their "h

Ed: "I MUST NOW."

Alan: "I'll take Pe

take Barney's bed.

Ed: "Fair enough."

Another tourist:

thing we haven't se

Alan: "If I may say

Bedrock is complet

on Barney's bed.

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From inside Barn

"Good lord, Junie

bad boy again?"

After visiting Fr

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Fred Flintstone looms up in road holding a sign that says, "Daba Doo means Welcome to YOU!" They have arrived at Bedrock City, a park dedicated to the legend of Fred Flintstone. They're all there: Fred, Barney, Dino, Wilma—wait a minute where's Wilma? Where's Wilma? It seems the builders of Bedrock had decided to delete the women of the Flintstone family from the life-sized museum in the desert. "They were dogs, any- way," commented an obviously bemused Ed Howard.

Well it seemed that by the looks of things, Fred and Barney never cared about restroom facilities, probably because they were only cartoon characters. That being the case, Alan and Ed felt perfectly satisfied in their "heroic" actions:

"I MUST take a piss, W."

Barney: "I'll take Pebbles' crib; you take Barney's bed."

Ed: "Fair enough."

Barney: "Is there anything we haven't seen?"

Ed: "If I may say so, no tour of Bedrock is complete without lying down in Barney's bed. You'd be surprised what that Rubble did in his bed."

Barney: "Inside Barney's bedroom: Good lord, Junior, were you a boy again?"

Ed: "After visiting Fred and Barney, Grand Canyon awaits. Grand Canyon Park lives up to its name. The first stop at Mather is not as infinitely more interesting than the Painted Desert. Since there is no visual reference point for the immensity of the canyon, the words of Men Keizer will forever be remembered: 'This is some damn good shit!'"

Ed: "The awesome threesome decides to return to the Canyon the next day to see more of it. In and out of the Canyon, this would be a relatively harmless decision. Unless you're a

hiker, you're a hiker."

Ed: "Uh Huh."

Barney: "Uh Huh."

Ed: "Uh Huh."

Barney: "Uh Huh."

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Barney: "Uh Huh."

Ed: "Uh Huh."

Barney: "Uh Huh."

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Ed: "Uh Huh."

Barney: "Uh Huh."

with 60-pound backpacks and canteens of water that could drown a sperm whale passing you on the trail. Twenty minutes of hiking down gives them the flavor and since it takes twice that time to get back up, the Canyon and the travellers part company.

Lowdown bitchin' got my poor feet itchin'.

You know the deuce is still wild.

Baby I can't stay, you got to roll me.

and call me the Tumbling Dice.

-The Rolling Stones.

Next destination: Las Vegas, Nevada. The Arizona desert remains one of nature's supreme examples of nothingness. The two-lane highway stretches and is endlessly ringed by the desert and the distant mountains of Nevada.

As the day turns to a bright orange dusk, the desert driving brings on hunger pangs. Spotting the familiar statue of Bob's Big Boy on the horizon, the three make their way to this desert eatery.

The Hoover Dam, billed as one of the man-made wonders of the world, is 70 miles away and Vegas just a scant twenty more. As the car hurtles down the two lane stretch, the heat emanating from the desert becomes intense.

Nearing Hoover Dam the drive resembles Dante's descent into hell. The dry air leaves throats parched. The winding driveway to the man-made wonder leads one further down until the enormous rock and granite structure that powers Las Vegas becomes a distinct reality. The dam at night is a spectacle to behold.

Enormous floodlights illuminate the electrical towers suspended across the gorge. Looking down into the Dam is a little unnerving as the immense height of the monolith becomes apparent.

Las Vegas, built by gangsters and the present home of James Watt's favorite son, Wayne Newton, looms in the distance. Coming over the hill on the highway that leads into Vegas, the trio encounters a sight unlike any other. The city of Vegas is spread out like a shimmering oasis of light. Finding the Strip does not prove difficult, since everything in the city runs into it.

The imagination could not conjure the incredible orgy of lights that constitute a sign. The place is marvellously tacky but somehow unpleasant. Wedding chapels next to adult book stores, people dressed in polyester, and signs that state, "Cupid lives here," convince them not to get out of the car. A debate ensues as to whether staying overnight or pressing on to California is preferable. Cool heads prevail and the decision is made to stay.

Circumstances dictate finding a gloriously tacky place, preferably playing dirty movies, but even these places, including one place with a pink elephant in front with a swimming pool, are below the trio's standards. They eventually settle on a little place on Route 93.

Ed is sent to arrange the accommodations. Alan is sent in after Ed to explain why three men cannot sleep in two single beds.

Out of the air-conditioned comfort of the motel room to the arid heat of the Nevada desert is a shocking blast. This weather turns vinyl car seats into heated whoopee cushions. Driving through Vegas in the daytime

confirms one's worst suspicions. If Graceland was the bad side of the American Dream, then Las Vegas is the nightmare. The place is reminiscent of a carnival in the daytime—lifeless and hideously tacky. Getting out immediately becomes of prime importance.

Well, I just got into town about an hour ago.

took a look around, see which way the wind blow,

Where the little girls in their Hollywood bungalows,

Are you a lucky little lady in the city of light?

Or just another lost angel in the city of night?

-The Doors

The three-hour drive to Los Angeles is undistinguished until the L.A. freeway system puts demands on the car. With Ed racing to his hometown and the other two enjoying the sights of southern California, the journey draws to a close. As the palm trees and the familiar "Hollywood" sign pop into view the realization of a week spent travelling across 3000 miles of America sets in.

Alexis de Tocqueville, upon his journeys in America, remarked that it was a land of "breathless cupidity." Well, Cupid lives in Los Vegas, Al.

What was more in evidence along this journey was a breathless degree of wonder about America. The trip made it possible to believe and experience ways of life so different from the environs of Washington D.C.

America's wealth does not stem from the amount in people's pocketbooks or how many cars one owns, but from a diversity of people and their spirit. Naivete has its merits, but finding that the experiences of people west of the Potomac dwarf yours, puts it all in perspective. Kerouac found that it is still possible for dreams to exist in the immensity of this nation and for people to still cling to them. And in the end, if believing in Elvis, Las Vegas, Nashville, or the lure of Hollywood is your last refuge then, so be it.

Ed: "For the record gentlemen, I have utterly no compunction about either of you trying to fuck my sister."

Next stop, Ed's house.

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photo by Ed

Real-life photo of trip's only casualty



Ed at Elvis' tomb

Ed: "The little bunny rabbit crossing the road in front of a four door Subaru driven by Ed 'Vehicular homicide' Howard (see photo)."

Alan: "No, I think she has to use a lubricant for that."

Ed: "Yeah, you may be right. Say, did you happen to notice the top half of that rabbit that just flew over the windshield?"

Alan: "Uh Huh."

Ed: "Uh Huh."

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Ed: "Uh Huh."

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Alan: "Uh Huh."

Ed: "Uh Huh."

Missing cocaine investigated

COCAINE, from p. 1

have retained a copy of the report for a variety of reasons. An officer in the narcotics division said they did not have a copy of the report, but acknowledged that the case was under investigation. She could not confirm that GW officials had reported the disappearance, however.

Federal regulations require that hospitals and pharmacies report the disappearance of controlled substances, including narcotics such as cocaine, to the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). Bob Bickel, an investigator in the DEA's diversion unit, said the DEA has a strict policy of not commenting on any case that may currently be under investigation. The source within the pharmacy, however, said he and other pharmacy personnel were questioned by DEA agents:

According to the source, after the initial theft of the drug, administrators changed the combination to the storage safe, which contains narcotics and other controlled substances used by the hospital, and gave the combination to "eight or ten registered pharmacists." He stated that after the second theft, the combination was changed again and access to it was restricted to "about six" persons.

The source did not wish to be identified in print because he feared it would cost him his job. "They [hospital supervisors] told us not to talk about it with anyone," he said. Other pharmacy personnel refused to speak with reporters from the GW Hatchet.

While only registered pharmacists are allowed access to the storage area, the source

claimed that hospital administrators suspect lab technicians who work in the pharmacy. "Part of the reason for that is because it [replacing the cocaine powder with sodium bicarbonate] was such a stupid act."

Cocaine is often used in "ophthalmic solutions as an anesthetic" for eye operations, he said, while sodium bicarbonate is an "eye irritant," a fact pharmacists would be aware of.

However, he said it was "highly unlikely" that the thefts could have been performed by a lab technician because access to the safe's combination is restricted to registered pharmacists and there would "not be enough time" for a lab technician to enter the storage area, empty the drug from the container, and refill it with sodium bicarbonate without being noticed.

Gareth Evans

Webster charged with attempted theft of books

WEBSTER, from p. 1

said "there will be a change made" in the way interdepartmental procurement forms are handled by the athletic department, but refused to elaborate.

Kuester said Webster is "innocent until proven guilty," and is "doing his regular duties" as a student and member of the basketball team.

GW's National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) representative, Chemistry Professor Ed Caress said, "There is no special (NCAA) rule that requires the University to treat Darryl any

differently than any other student ... It is all up to the normal rules and regulations of the University."

Any University sanction against Webster would go through the University's judicial system, according to Dean of Students Gail Short Hanson. Penalties are imposed on a case-by-case basis and could range from writing a paper on criminal justice to dismissal from the University. She added, "It can go any number of ways. I hope it's a decent one for Darryl."

Men's Athletic Director Steve Bilsky was out of town and unavailable for comment.

AMI, from p. 1

AMI attempts to clinch deal on hospital lease

recommendation to solicit bids from appropriate investor-owned health firms, marking the second phase of the project.

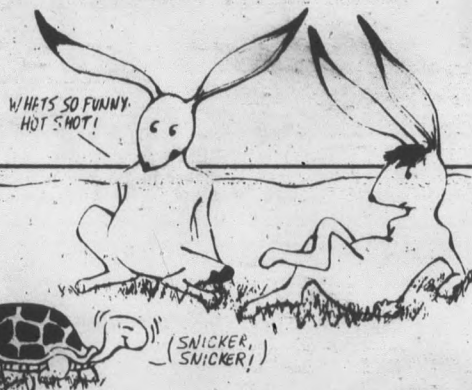
After review and clarification of any open questions, the AMI proposal will undergo formal analysis by the advisory and negotiating committee appointed by University President Lloyd H. Elliott. This committee, which is chaired by Vice President for Medical Affairs Ronald P. Kaufman, M.D., and has as members Trustee Thaddeus A. Lindner and Vice President and Treasurer Charles E. Diehl, will present to the president and to the University Board of Trustees an opinion as to whether the pro-

posal forms a basis for negotiation. Authorization to enter into negotiations would then be sought.

The proposal calls for long term lease of the University Hospital by AMI. The request for proposals issued by the University left open the option of purchasing or leasing.

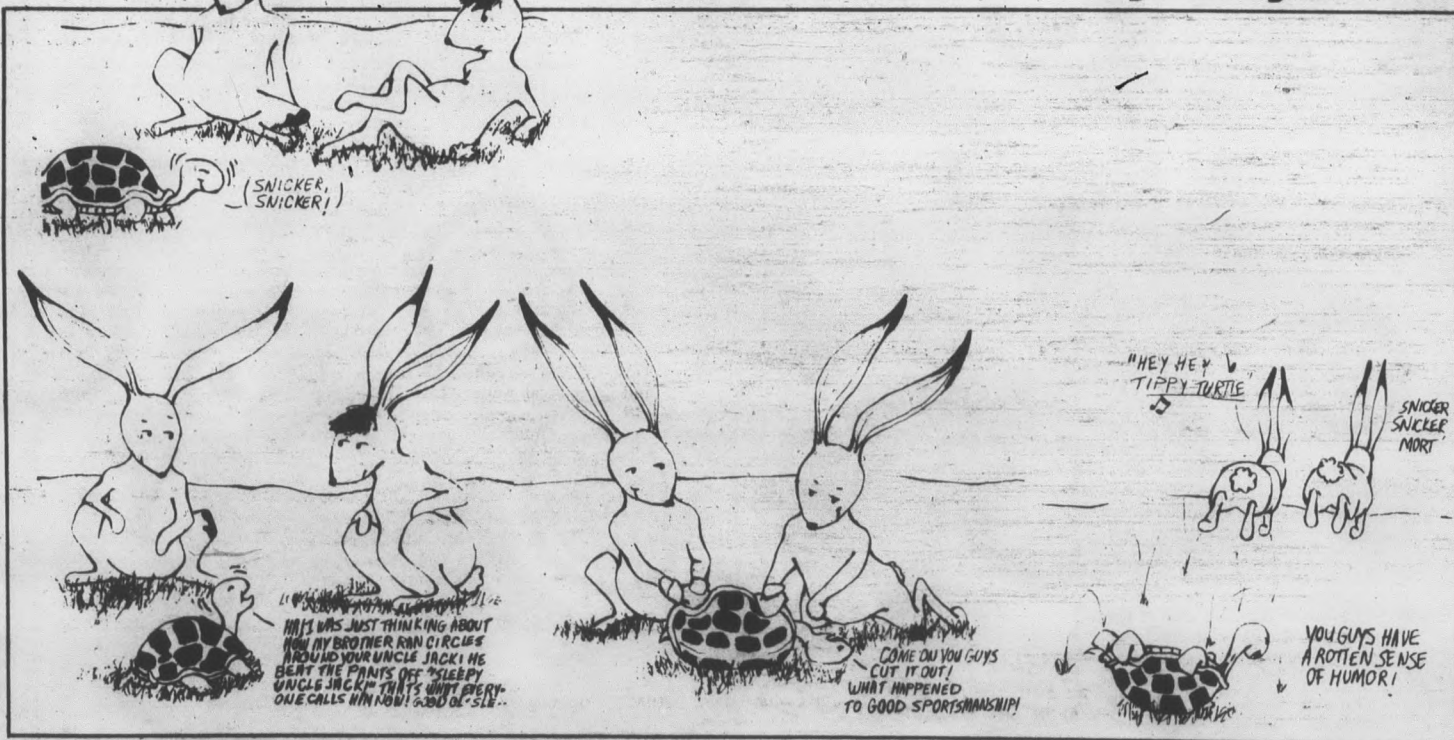
It is not expected that further announcements will be made concerning the proposed relationship until, at the earliest, the University Board of Trustees has had an opportunity to review the contents and receive the recommendation of Elliott to begin negotiations.

-courtesy of The Friday Report, GW Medical Center Office of Public Relations



Mort and Fluff

by Katy Davis



Arts and Music

Art imitates life in prison

by Maryanne Reed

From the belly of the beast, a man howls in untempered rage and pain. The violence of his emotion mesmerizes the audience and produces an explosive theatrical event.

In *The Belly of the Beast; Letters from Prison* is a play based upon the memoirs and 1981 murder trial of Jack Abbott, a lifetime convict. Performed by the Wisdom Bridge Theatre Company of Chicago, it is one of two free plays offered this summer by Peter Sellars' new American National Theatre.

Abbott's life and writings serve as the focal point of the play. Essentially raised by the American

penal system, Abbott spent 25 years of his life behind bars, from the age of nine onwards. Abbott, no ordinary convict, educated himself in prison and published his experiences in a book which won critical raves. His literary success, along with his relationship with author Norman Mailer, catapulted his case from obscurity to front page news after he was arrested in 1981 for a murder he committed while on parole.

Through a semi-cinematic use of flashbacks and flashforwards, the play recreates the events that led up to the fateful evening in which Abbott forfeited his final bid for freedom and ended the life of a young playwright. Although

the play does not condone Abbott's act of violence, it does give a plausible explanation for its occurrence in the context of Abbott's life as the victim of a grossly unfair system. The play, addresses the issue of prison reform, along with that of collective societal guilt for placing such men behind bars for indefinite periods. At the end of the play, when the iron bars close on Abbott for the final time, we, the audience, are implicated in the crime inflicted upon him.

The power of the production results partially from its technical excellence. William Peterson gives an outstanding performance as the demoralized Abbott. His movements and emotions display the paranoia of a man who expects physical abuse at any moment. His eyes dart about furtively; his hands twitch in constant motion. He erupts into frighteningly realistic bouts of violent anger that create palpable tension in the theater.

The innovative staging captures the ambience of incarceration. The institutional green walls and metal screens that dominate the set, combined with the clanging cacophony of prison sounds, contribute to a claustrophobic effect. The use of lighting is especially influential in setting the mood. Throughout most of the scenes, glaring lights blind the audience, except in scenes that take place in



William L. Peterson (foreground, right) plays lifetime convict Jack Henry Abbott in "In the Belly of the Beast: Letters from Prison."

solitary confinement, where an awesome sense of darkness prevails. Whether intended or not, the hot, crowded seating arrangement in the theater further intensifies the feeling of confinement.

Beyond its superb technical quality, the play's major hypnotic hold on the audience arises from its compelling subject matter. Many of the scenes are shocking—even revolting—but ultimately revealing. In one particular scene, while serving a stint in a "blackout cell," Abbott attempts to drink a glass of water, only to pour insects all over his face. As Abbott states in his memoirs, "... you cannot spit in my face every day for ten thousand days. You cannot take all that belongs to me, one thing at a time, until you have gotten down to reaching for my eyes, my

voice, my hands, my heart. You cannot do this and say that is nothing."

The play's final message is that our prison system is an immoral institution, whose purpose is not to rehabilitate prisoners, but to remove them from society into an existence that resembles death. It also concludes with the question, "Once we have created men such as Jack Abbott and Gary Gilmore, what do we do with them?"

As Mailer says in his introduction to *In the Belly of the Beast*, "We will not get law and order without a revolution in the prison system." One hopes that exposure to such works as *In the Belly of the Beast; Letters from Prison* will galvanize the public towards action.

Dave Marsh aims his pen at rock 'n' roll

by Keith Wasserman

"Hey! Where have you been?" "Oh, I got paid today, so I decided to check out the scene at the record store."

"Well, what did you buy? The new Prince album, *Blonde* or *Blonde*?"

"None."

"The new Wham album?"

"No, I try to stay away from that side of the store."

"I bought *Fortunate Son*: The Best of Dave Marsh."

"That guy has an album?"

"No, it's a book—a collection of his best rock criticism. I was in the Marvin Center reading it, and let me tell you it's really good."

"First of all, he's the guy who helped start *Creem* magazine. Then he wrote for and edited *Rolling Stone* when that magazine mattered. Afterwards, he began writing books: *Born to Run*—The Bruce Springsteen Story, *Elvis*, *The Rolling Stone Record Guide*, *The Book of Rock Lists*, and *Before I Get Old*—a biography of The Who."

"He sets the book up by topics: 'Mixed Media,' 'The Punk Perplex,' 'Stardom and Its Consequences' among others. Under each heading he includes different essays spanning his career as a rock journalist. For each article, he writes a prologue that updates and clarifies the piece."

"He's got a section entitled 'Can't Forget the Motor City.' He describes his post-adolescent experiences with Mitch Ryder, Iggy Pop, early-Bob Seger, The MC5, and of course, Motown. With a first-hand experience of those artists, it's no wonder he can express what rock 'n' roll and pop music are all about."

"Don't Let Me Down," includes some of Marsh's most abusive written comments about various artists ranging from Linda Ronstadt to Mick Jagger. How about this classic remark about Donny and Marie Osmond: 'The

only people I've ever heard who deserve Andy Williams. Sometimes I wish they'd learn to ski and meet his ex-wife.' The best cut of them all is the one about the Village People: 'Kiss for grownups.'

"In other parts of the book Marsh writes about MTV, rock movies, Elvis, The Who's Cincinnati fiasco, The Sex Pistols, Marvin Gaye, Muddy Waters and Bruce Springsteen (There's a sensational review of Nebraska and also a diary of a week with Bruce and his E Steet cohorts).

"Yet I'd say that in the section called 'Marx and Lennon' Marsh reaches his peak. He discusses rock as a reflection of a liberal political consciousness in the



works of the MC5, John Lennon, Tom Robinson, and Elvis Costello. The account strengthens his argument for the importance of rock as a medium of cultural awareness."

"Because Marsh recognizes that rock 'n' roll makes a difference, politically and socially, page after page Marsh reinforces my own belief that rock 'n' roll can be seen as an emotionally and intellectually evocative form of art even though society generally perceives rock as some kind of primitive, adolescent cultural expression."

"Do you wanna borrow it?" "Sure. First let me put an album on."

"What do you want to hear?" "How about the new Wham album!"

REM avoids the fame trap with 'Fables'

by Ken Cills

Who would have thought that REM would actually live up to their potential? In 1981, they released *Chronicle Town*, a five song EP, that was not only well crafted pop, but showed promise in its unique psychedelic-folk overtones. Staying with producer Mitch Easter of Let's Active, REM proceeded to release their first album, *Murmur*. The album, which was named best album of the year by *Rolling Stone*, showcased the band with a sound rich in Byrd-like jangly guitars and dreamy (if almost too dreamy) vocals. The album was critically and publically acclaimed and produced their biggest hit "Radio Free Europe." So with one album, REM was afflicted with that disease that almost inevitably kills bands on contact—fame.

Though their next album was not as commercially successful, it was a major artistic triumph. *Reckoning* proved to be a musical expansion for the band. With the songs "Don't go back to Rockville" and "South Central Rain," REM

proved that they could still keep their dreamy foreboding while holding on to their pop music sensibility. Because they were still under Easter's production, the album sounded much the same as its predecessors. What was eventually happening was that REM's music was taking on its own personality. Rooted deeply with a Southern-folk sound that was way ahead of the trend, REM did much to pioneer the revivalist movement that is now quite evident in bands such as Guadalcanal Diary and Holliday.

With their latest album, *Fables of the Reconstruction*, REM treads in familiar musical waters. Like its predecessors, *Fables* is rich in psychedelic textures and southern folk. Produced by John Boyd, who has in the past worked with both Fairport Convention and Richard Thompson, the album is perhaps REM's most realized work to date. It is hard to say, however, that this is their greatest work. If there is one thing that I respect, it is the fact that REM has stuck to their musical guns. There is nothing worse than a band that

compromises its sound and sells out. Because of this, REM's sound has yet to change in any real noticeable direction. If REM has one major problem, it is that they can get lost in their own fog, with one song blending into each other. For many, this is not a problem. As a matter of fact, it is probably what the band is trying to accomplish with its abstract-pastel song style.

Whichever way you view it, *Fables* is a fine album. REM's use of other instruments is perfect, with horns and strings complementing the music rather than drowning it out. Songs like "Driver 8" and "Feeling Gravity's Pull" show that the band can still rock out, while the banjo at the end of the beautiful "Wendell Gee" does much to secure the folk classification. Although there is no real hit on this album or any noticeable single to speak of, the album is very worthwhile. However, it is their hardest to get acquainted with. If you are unfamiliar with the band, I would suggest *Reckoning* for a start. If you are familiar, I would urge *Fables of the Reconstruction*.

SARP: Not just freshman pre-registration

by Donna Nelson
Managing Editor

"Why is it masses of little freshmen have been wandering around campus with their Mom and Dad for the past couple of weeks? Spring visits were over months ago, and Thurston doesn't open until the end of August."

"Don't you know anything?" It's the Summer Advance Registration Program, better known as SARP.

SARP, created about five years ago, helps students learn how to register for classes while avoiding the long fall registration lines, and gives students the opportunity to acquaint themselves with GW and Washington, D.C., according to Student Activities Office coordinator Ellen Fancher.

This summer, Fancher estimated each of the four sessions attracted an average total of 200 students and 100 parents. With an incoming freshman class

of 1,384 with "a slight decrease expected" of "80 or so," according to Admissions Director George W. G. Stoner, over half of this fall's freshman class have participated in SARP.

During the first day of the two-day program, freshmen and their parents go from housing check-in at Thurston, to welcome speeches by prominent GW administrators, to placement exams, to an informal reception to meet others, and then a break for dinner. "Orientation to Campus Life" serves as the day's wrap-up.

"Orientation" is made up of two separate programs, one for parents and the other for students. The parents' program is an "informal discussion of the concerns of parents," Fancher explained. The students' program, this year, is a play that deals with "adjustment to college, University resources, and difficulties" that the students might face in college.

The second day begins with a breakfast, courtesy of SAGA. Later, students meet with advisors and register for classes. A tour of campus and residence hall open houses ends the second day of activities.

At the first day's informal reception, students and parents were asked by The GW Hatchet how they liked SARP, their plans for the upcoming school year, and any problems they foresaw.

Samatha Leach of Albany, N.Y. said that because of



Incoming freshmen receive advice from a speaker in the Marvyn Center at the Summer Advanced Registration Program (SARP).

participating in SARP, she "won't be as nervous" when school starts. Leach, in the pre-med and engineering program, wants to be on the school paper and in the orchestra.

Leach's mother Pat thinks the program is good for registration. She added, "To come down [with her daughter] for the first time, will make it easier for her" in the fall.

Sandra Byrd of Washington, D.C. liked the program because she remembers waiting in line with her sister during registration when her sister went to college.

Byrd's mother Dorothy said SARP "makes her less apprehensive" about her daughter going to college. She commented SARP at GW is "a smoother operation than at other schools."

Tim Thorson of Pittsburgh, Pa. said GW was "his only choice"

based on location and the five-year MBA program. Thorson, a business student, would like to have "some type of leadership position" maybe in his residence hall. When asked of his fears, Thorson said he had "none whatsoever."

Jeff Burgess of Fort Bragg, N.C. thinks that because he is an international affairs major, Washington is "a good place to come." Burgess, who would like to be on the newspaper or yearbook, thinks college will be "so much fun, I won't want to go home at Christmas."

SARP is a "cooperative effort," Fancher said. The orientation coordination committee consists of members from the different schools, the Office of the Dean of Students, International Services, and the Registrar's Office.

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Marine ecology goes to the beach

Glenn Simpson
Hatchet Staff Writer

Applied Marine Ecology (BISC 169) is "not your typical classroom-oriented course," according to the instructor, Associate Professor Robert Knowlton.

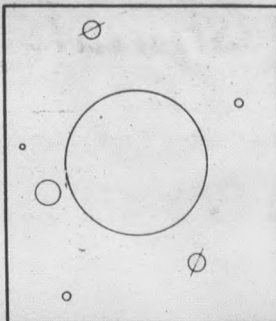
Technically an on-campus program, BISC 169 is actually a three-week field course consisting of 12-day trips to sites along coastal Maine. There, students will study selected marine ecosystems, as well as man-made facilities such as fisheries, power plants and mills.

The students, usually numbering between 10 and 12, will divide their time evenly between bases at Bowdoin College located near Brunswick, Maine, and Marine Maritime Academy near Castine, Maine. They will study the or-

ganic and structural components of marine ecosystems and apply their findings to an examination of "man's use and abuse of the sea." Guest lecturers will include a geologist, a fisheries biologist, an oceanographer, and a chemist.

The course, for which students may still register today and tomorrow, requires only elementary biology course experience or an interest in the sciences, as well as a \$500 dormitory and transportation fee. Grades are based on short write-ups of day trip studies. Students with an interest in environmental studies are encouraged to sign up.

Knowlton, who specializes in invertebrates, received his Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He has taught Marine Biology at GW since 1972.



SEDs logo designed by Jon Lomberg



Philip Morrison

SEDs forum July 19-21

The fourth annual Students for the Exploration and Development of Space (SEDs) conference will be held July 19-20 at GW.

"Our World in Space" is the theme of the international conference. 200 people are expected to attend. Half are SEDs members from around the world; the others are from the Washington space community and other students from across the nation, according to Conference Chairman Mary Ann Grams.

The highlight of the three-day

conference is the Awards Banquet, which will be held Friday night at the Washington Marriott. Jack Anderson, a national columnist and chairman of the Young Astronauts Program, is scheduled to speak. The Arthur C. Clarke award for space education will be given to Dr. Philip Morrison, university professor of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The conference is open to the GW community. For more information, call 676-7102.

GW student arrested for drinking in public

A GW student was arrested June 28 by the Metropolitan police on a drinking in public charge. The arrest occurred at 2004 G St., N.W.

Howard B. Freidman of 1525 Colonial Terrace, Rosslyn, VA, an undergraduate in the School of Government and Business Administration, was charged.

The arrest stemmed from a party at the Sigma Chi fraternity, located at the G Street address, in which some objects were thrown. Curtis W. Gooden, head of the Safety and Security Office, said a bottle struck a GW officer on the foot. The security officer was not injured in the incident.

The Metropolitan police quickly were summoned, and arrested Freidman for drinking in public.

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Sports

Millionaire ballplayers are right this time

Last month, my illustrious colleague and fellow Sports Brother, Rich Katz, delivered a magnificent and hard-to-equal column on the drug problem in professional sports. Instead of trying the impossible and topping Rich's column, I wish to attack another major problem in professional sports—player strikes.

No, this is not an archaic problem that died a few years ago with the last baseball strike and a similar NFL action. On the contrary, the fear of a major stop-work action by a players' union looms large on the horizon once again. Once more, the union in question is that of the major league baseball players.

A possible boycott of the upcoming All-Star game was averted by a "no" vote of the Major League Baseball Players' Association (MLBPA), but the same players who comprise that union have voted nearly unanimously in favor of possibly leaving work later in the season.

In circumstances similar to the 1981 strike by the MLBPA, the fans and media have started to denounce the players as a group of spoiled, whining, overpaid, ungrateful brats. The cry has gone out declaring, "How dare these millionaires who work by playing a kids' game walk out on the fans at mid-season, especially over a question of money!"

Believe it or not, those criers are wrong and the players are right.

First of all, the main reason for the strike is not the players wanting more money. Rather, it is their wanting to sign a basic bargaining agreement with the owners. What

monetary matters as broadcasting revenues and the like; but, the players' demands are legitimate. The players are not necessarily looking for a "50-50 split" of the television revenues, for example, but they are trying to gain a little more than the present dividend which stands at approximately 10 percent.

Furthermore, this move is directed more toward teams with large cable television deals. The most notable of these teams are the three with nationally broadcasting superstations: the Chicago Cubs (WGN-TV), the Atlanta Braves (WTBS-TV), and the New York Mets (WOR-TV). These teams have reaped huge profits by sending the coverage of their games into every state in the Union. Even the Office of the Commissioner of Major League Baseball has begun to take action against these stations. Most of the money the Commissioner's office has reclaimed from the "Big Three" has been split among the owners. Shouldn't the players see a good deal of it also? Without them there would be nothing to broadcast.

I am not going to proceed by addressing each point of the players' demands. The one I pondered above was just to be used as an example. The rest of this column is dedicated to dispelling the players' image as a bunch of whining brats.

Let us face FACT NUMBER 1: We are all jealous of the humongous contracts the ballplayers get. I sure wouldn't mind earning \$2.1 million a year and only hit .238 each year, a la Ozzie Smith. Ozzie isn't alone when pitcher Ed Whitson can become the gopher ball king (that's Mr. Homerun in baseball talk) with the San Diego Padres

and then sign with the New York Yankees for \$950,000 a year. Is it any wonder a well-rounded superstar like Boston's Jim Rice was mentioned in the same breath as (gasp!) \$3 million a season?

The players deserve the money if they can get it. If the pay scale for your profession made that quantum leap, wouldn't you jump on the gravy train?

Why not attack the owners, those poor, unfortunate souls bordering on financial ruin? If they are so desperate, why do they persist in raising the salary ceiling each year?

We, the fans, in part brought on this megabuck era with our demand for superstars. We made the Ozzie Smiths, the Mike Schmidts, the Bruce Sutters and the George Fosters so indispensable that they could earn millions of dollars.

Nobody dares to question the Yankees' decision to pay Babe Ruth a \$100,000 one season, despite the fact that this contract came during the Great Depression. Yes, Ruth was a god in the world of baseball, but did he really deserve all that money when thousands were starving in the streets?

We made the ballplayers into millionaires, into superstars, and now we berate them for walking off the job. Why? We didn't do that to the United Airlines workers in their recent strike.

Baseball players are striking over sound business arguments, and they should be allowed to do so. The situation must be taken for what it is—every day issues with million dollar price tags.

Well, that's all. Who knows, maybe the players will accept mandatory drug testing if the owners give up more of the TV revenues. It's just a thought...

Scott Smith

many fans do not realize is that the players' union has been working without an agreement since the previous agreement ran out on December 31 of last year.

Granted, the major cause of no agreement being signed is an impasse over how to divide such

Mike Brown drafted by Chicago Bulls

by Donna Nelson
Managing Editor

Former GW Colonials star, Center Mike Brown was selected last month by the Chicago Bulls in the third round of the National Basketball Association (NBA) draft; he was the 69th pick overall.

"The way I was drafted was a little disappointing," Brown said Saturday. He feels it will be "more incentive to work harder ... [like] I have something to prove."

Brown, who leaves for the Bulls rookie camp next week, has been trying to stay in shape by running every day, lifting weights, and playing in summer leagues. He played in games at CCNY in Harlem and at his old high school.

Brown feels he has a "very good chance" to make it in pro

ball. Noting that all rookies have a good chance of making it in the pros, Brown said, "It all depends on your own motivation."

According to his own philosophy, Brown seems to be well-prepared for camp. He said, "I want it [to make it in pro ball] a whole lot; no one wants it more than me."

Brown explained the process he will go through to become a Bulls' team member. First he will attend rookie camp, and then if the coaches "want" him, he will be called back for veterans' camp, which is held at the end September. Even if a player makes it through rookie and veterans' camp, Brown said, he could still be cut in the two weeks of practice just before the season starts.

Brown's home of East Orange, New Jersey is "pretty



Mike Brown

proud that I was drafted," Brown said, and has been showing its appreciation for him. Saturday, a block party was held in his honor with city councilmen in attendance.

"They [East Orange] are much more excited than I am ... I'll be more excited in October or November," Brown said. But for now, he added, "I know I have a lot of work ahead of me."

Sports Shorts

Wrestling

The GW wrestling squad has announced the signing of four freshmen recruits for the upcoming 1985-86 season.

In the 118-pound class, Head Coach Jim Rota picked Eric Ritari of Robinson H.S. in Fairfax, Va. Ritari, a second state runner-up in his senior year with a record of 21-2-1, is a two-time national AAU champ and two-time regional champ. Ritari will be an engineering major.

Patrick Larry, who will wrestle at 134 or 142 pounds, hails from Fairmount, W. Va., the hometown of Olympic gold medalist Mary Lou Retton. Larry was a state runner-up in 1984 and third in 1985. His record in his senior year was 33-3 as he became a three-time regional champ with an overall high school record of 104-19. Larry will also major in

engineering.

Todd Evans, the 167 pound recruit, comes from Gambrils, Md., where he wrestled for Arundel H.S. Evans was a two-time regional champ, second in his state in 1984 and third in 1985, compiled a record of 23-2 in his senior year, and was elected to the Washington Post's All-Metropolitan squad in 1984. Evans plans to major in computer science.

At 6'2" 240 pounds, Doug Von Oiste is Rota's heavyweight recruit. With a 32-2 record in his senior year at Port Jefferson H.S. in Suffolk County, N.Y., Von Oiste distinguished himself as a runner-up in the county. Von Oiste plans to major in political science.

"I'm real pleased with the calibre of the kids we have coming in, and with that addition to those coming back, it could be our best season yet barring any unforeseen injuries," Rota said.

Baseball

GW baseball's head coach John Castleberry's first recruiting season will bring nine new players to the Colonial roster for the 1985-86 season.

The freshmen recruits are John Flaherty, a catcher from Nyack, N.Y., Tommy Williams, a second baseman from Elkton, Md., Robert Guazza, a southpaw hurler from Pearl River, N.Y., pitcher/outfielder Mike Rolfe from Haverstraw, N.Y., and John Fisher, a pitcher from Williamstown, N.J..

Shortstop/second baseman Scott Faloni of Baltimore, Md. and Glenn Spencer, a junior transfer outfielder from Falls Church, Va. and Montgomery Community College, will round out the crop of recruits.

Castleberry, in his second season as head coach, will begin setting in motion his building program. "We'll be really young next year. We'll be decent even though the building process takes three to four years," Castleberry appears particularly heartened by this crop of recruits because he believes his recruiting drive beat Wake Forest and Rutgers, two perennially strong baseball squads.

Of his new recruits Castleberry said, "The kids coming in should help with the building process. They're good kids, good people, and some of the best talent on the East coast." In fact, second baseman Tommy Williams of Elkton, Md. was the Chicago Cubs' second to last pick in the recent draft.

Castleberry is currently honing his coaching skills in the prestigious Cape Cod summer baseball league where he coaches the Orleans Cardinals. The team has a 12-11 record and is in fourth

place at the season's halfway point.

Personnel

The GW men's athletic department has announced some administrative changes for the upcoming year.

Larry Grollman, head trainer for men's athletics and for the upcoming Maccabiah Games resigned from his position. Grollman will go to work for a sports medicine firm in Pittsburgh, PA.

Bob Hassett, assistant swim coach, also resigned his position to head to Catholic University as aquatic director and head swimming coach. Rob Nielson will take his position and continue as the head coach of GW water polo.

GW's water polo team will host its first invitational meet on Sept. 28-29.

-Merv Keizer